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CAPITAL JOURNAL'S GROWING CIRCULATION

The circulation of the Daily Capital Journal for Saturday was 4650 copies. Of course, some of these papers were necessary to fill orders for extra copies, but the regular edition of the Capital Journal now averages above 4000 copies daily.

When an issue reaches 4650, it shows that Salem papers are rapidly nearing the metropolitan class, and that we are taking our proper place as the second city in the state in population and in commercial and political importance.

LEARNING WISDOM FROM RATS

Another faddist, Dr. M. J. Greenman, head of the Wister Medical Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, who with Dr. Helen D. King, is making tests with white rats in an effort to discover a method of controlling sex, advances some suggestive ideas:

"According to Dr. Greenman, the influence of domestication has served to reduce the size of the brain of the rat.

"The brains of wild rats," he said, "are much larger. This is because the wild rat has to hunt and scheme to get his food, while the domestic animal has to make no effort along that line. The forced mental activity of the wild rat acts as a developer of its brain.

"The same principle is applicable to human beings. That is why the bootblack, whose college is the street and the curb, frequently will rise above men who have been reared in the homes of plenty."

According to this the Congo Negro, the Hottentot or the wild tribes of the upper Amazon should have larger brains and greater intelligence than such college officials as Dr. Greenman, who have life jobs and nothing more worthwhile to do than experiment with white rats.

But a few years ago some other "professors" were emphatic in the assertion, that a diet of fish increased the size of the brain and caused the bumps of knowledge to swell. This too in spite of the fact that those people, the Esquimaux for instance, who lived largely on fish, were of a very low order of intelligence.

Strange isn't it what assertions some of these wise ones make, and stranger still the arguments they advance to back up their assertions. But a few months ago a Portland doctor, broke into print in condemnation of "the unspeakable bath tub," and condemned their use as severely as a democrat is said to do. His principle argument was that after one had taken a bath the water was dirty, and the bather could not come out of it clean: Yet it is self-evident that if the dirt that was once on the bather, was in the water after that bath, then the bather was at least cleaner than before he washed. He did not understand the matter half as well as the average boy, who instead of looking in the mirror to see if his face is clean, looks at the towel and gets positive and convincing evidence.

S. Benson, Oregon's first citizen, has paid Hood River county \$10,000, to pay expenses in excess of the \$75,000 highway bond, and though there is still a shortage of between \$2,000 and \$2,500 he has notified the county officials through his attorney that he will pay no more. Evidently he feels that his leg has been sufficiently elongated and prefers not ranking so high as a citizen, at the price. Mr. Benson is philanthropic and generous, but is evidently beginning to realize that there is on some occasions, "too much of a good thing."

The report of the doings at the exposition Saturday, "Oregon Day", among other things mentions the remarks of a Mr. Dr. Young, presumably one of the San Francisco Chronicle family of that name, who remarked incidentally, that the name Oregon meant "big ear." As the origin of the name has never been satisfactorily established, an explanation as to where Mr. De Young got his information might prove interesting.

NOW LET'S ALL BE GOOD

There has been quite a tempest stirred up over an article in the Portland Telegram protesting against Valley towns getting a lower freight rate on lumber than Portland. Naturally the Valley towns all felt sore over it, and the Valley papers roasted the Portland hog. Naturally also we think the Valley papers had the right of the dispute. However, let us hope such a thing will not happen again, and so forget it. It is high time that Portland and the balance of the State got in harmony on all questions of general interest to the State. This can only be done if we as well as Portland play fair. We are all in the same boat, and any of us that rock it is, well, foolish. We are not excusing Portland, for we think she was decidedly wrong, but what we want, and what the State needs is the doing away with all sectional disputes, and a standing together each for all and all for each. When this little millenium is reached, Oregon will prosper as never before, and until it is reached, while we are pulling opposite directions no section will prosper and the State drift backward. Now then brothers let us wipe off the slate and take a fresh start.

Warren A. Browne, a bachelor, aged 34, was recently sued for alienating the affections of the wife of Joseph O'Connor St. John, who wanted \$10,000 for his loss. The jury sized up the woman in the case and decided \$2,000 was a fair market price for such affections as Joseph had lost. The peculiar feature of the case was, and is, that the defendant Brown, testified that never in his more than a third of a century of life he had never hugged or kissed a woman, nor had he ever even held hands with one. What a revelation is in store for him, should some live wire of a woman make up her mind he was really worth while.

The Chinese president Yuan Shi Kai wanting very much to get into the king-row replies to the request of the Powers that he keep out of it for a time, with true Oriental politeness under which is scarcely concealed an equally polite invitation to "go to the devil," or so near that expression as the Chinese language will permit. The smiling Oriental evidently believes all Europe is on the way to visit that personage anyway.

The Oregonian paragrapher suggests that: "King George has learned that it takes finer ability to sit on a horse than to sit on a throne." As a glittering generality this is true but history records cases where thrones outbucked the most devilish watch-eyed cayuse that ever tried for the record at Pendleton or objected to his rider out on the range.

The O. A. C. has another hen with a record of more than 300 eggs in a year. In view of the fact that the group of ten hens from this same institution now in the contest at the exposition will average not more than two-thirds of that number, it looks as though there might be some mistake made in keeping the tally.

Back in Indiana the principle occupation of the people seems to be having each other indicted for election frauds. Saturday at Sullivan 30 "wets", some of them officials of the big brewing companies, were indicted for "conspiring to commit a felony in the last "wet" and "dry" election.

It is claimed putting the lid on the saloons in Chicago, Sundays, will cause at least 4,000 out of the 7,152 in the city to close. Most of these are in the outlying districts and of the smaller class. This calls to mind the fact that Portland "wets" now have only "60 days without grace."



Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

AFTER HALLOWE'EN

I'll have to prop my reeling brain. I wonder if I'm strictly sane? Not in the winecup do I look; my drink is from the babbling brook that courses by my humble home; it's long since I have blown the foam from brimming flagons at the bar, or pulled the cork from jug or jar. I go not where Bacchante sings, and yet, alas, I'm seeing things. Is that a cow in yonder tree, or have my eyes gone back on me? Since when did cows begin to perch in yonder elm beside the church? And there's a horse that makes me blink; its form is blue, its tail is pink; when steeds chromatic drift along, I'm almost sure there's something wrong. Mark that old rooster on the fence—no feathers are in evidence. When Brahma roosters are as bare of plumage as a Bartlett pear, methinks the world is in the ditch; some warlock runs it, or a witch. I'll have to have an expert look for microbes in that babbling brook. When water makes him see such freaks, some other drink the wise man seeks. These dire phantasms I must foil—I'll fill myself with linseed oil.

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GERMAN EDITOR SUICIDES.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1.—Colonel Edward L. Proctorius, president of the German-American Publishing company, publishers of the Times and Westliche Post, committed suicide early today by shooting himself in the head. He was injured two years ago in an automobile accident and never fully recovered. There are few good alienists in the country, says Dr. Patton of Princeton, and it seems the better they are the more completely they disagree.



A Galley o' Fun!

THE QUESTION QUEST.

"It's something new," said conscientious Mrs. Housekeep. "When Henry went away on his last trip he told me that he did hope I'd begin to take an interest in the Questions of the day, and read about them in the papers; and, my dear, if I'd ever had any idea how interesting the Questions of the Day are, policemen and jails couldn't have kept me from them.

"The Magazine Section of the Sunday Screem seems to think that the most important Questions of the Day is whether Elara Devere, of Hamilton, Ohio, did or did not put rat poison in her husband's coffee. There's two whole pages about it, with pictures. You see, they've proved that she went to the drug store and bought something for rats, but every woman on earth has done that. This case is especially complicated on account of the servant-girl in the house. That's her picture up there. She's trying to look as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but I've seen those tricks before. If ever there was a sly hussy it's that girl. She looks the very image of my husband's second cousin, Henrietta Hinks, who is a deceitful cat of the first water, and who leads George—that's her husband—a simply terrible life.

"But the Question of the Day that's ever more puzzling is the question asked in the Sunday Yell: 'Did Mrs. Watley Tooms, of Waukegan, run away with the chauffeur because she loved him or because she wanted to get away from her mother-in-law?' Sometimes I think one way and sometimes another. But this I will say: When my sister-in-law was living with us, just after Henry and I were married, there were times when I would have run away with the garbage-man if he'd only asked me.

"The Howl, you'll notice, is offering five dollars as a first prize for the best answer to the Question of the Day: 'Can a Woman Really Love a Cross-eyed Man?' I'm going to write a letter there myself. Not that I want the money, but because I insist on saying my say. 'Does it Help a Baby to Teeth on a Gold Spoon?' 'Will New York Be Devoured by Oysters Before the Year 2037?' 'Who Was the Mysterious Stranger Who Kicked Willie Astorbill?' 'Is Ragtime Known on Mars?' 'Would You Rather Wed a Cheerful Counterfeit or a Billious Bishop?' Of course, that's only a very general selection of topics, but it shows how interesting public questions are. I'm ashamed of myself to think I've never before looked up the Questions of the Day, but when Henry comes home, if I don't surprise him with what I know I'll eat up every last comic section on the pantry shelves."



GREEK MET GREEK.

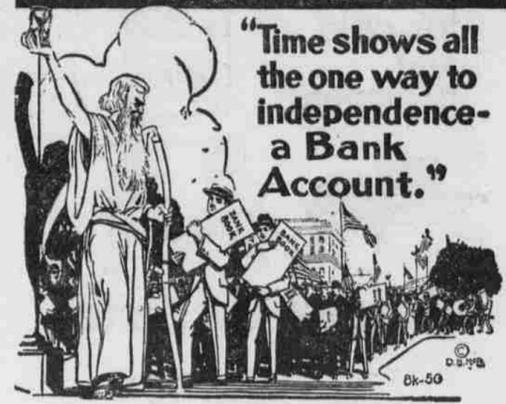
Friend—What do you think of the gentleman from Boston?
Englishman—A most astonishing person! Why, he thinks there is nothing in the world to compare with Boston;—not even London, don't you know!

DREAMING OF THE RING

First Puglist—How'd yer git ue slack eye, Bill?
Second Puglist—Dat's de result of Sluggsley's absent-mindedness.
First Puglist (groggy)—How—low's dat?
Second Puglist—Yer see, me an' um wuz standin' on de curb de odder lay when a passin' motor-man rings us gong, an' wot does Sluggsley do sut land on me t'ree times before he sees his mistake.

ALL SHE WANTED.

He—A maid must not expect such overa as she finds in books. Few nen are paragons.
She—Oh! I should not expect a paragon. I should be satisfied with a lover, young, handsome, brave, noble and unselfish.



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OPEN FORUM

* assembled from all walks of life as a *
* commission to investigate all phases of *
* the question. The Capital Journal is *
* right. Let's have the facts no matter *
* who is hurt. *

SILAS FULLER.

WE SHOULD INVESTIGATE.

Salem, Ore., Oct. 30, 1915.
Editor Capital Journal: As a student of farming and farm problems, I think your idea of a commission to investigate the farming conditions here in the Willamette valley is a good one. There is no question at all that the farmer, the country over, is not receiving the return on his invested capital, labor and industry that he should. However, the conditions here in the valley are more acute than in most sections of the country as statistics show.
It does not seem to be generally known that there was a farm survey in Marion and Polk counties in 1811, and that survey showed that the average capital invested by the farmers here was \$14,917 and that the farmers received a labor income of \$261, which was the poorest showing on a survey covering eight states. The best showing was in Chester county, Pennsylvania with a labor income of \$790 on an invested capital of \$10,486.
I am satisfied that the Willamette valley has not found itself agriculturally. We do not know the proper crop or combination of crops that are the most profitable. This question is so big, so complex that I do not feel that an open discussion will lead us very far, its only value would be to arouse interest and to prepare us to lay hold of the findings of such a commission.
If a commission is appointed it should be a large one, and should be representative. It should not be composed entirely of farmers and merchants. In fact I am almost persuaded the fewer we have on it the better.
Let the brains of the community be

WAR NEWS OF ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

* Turkey's apology without reparation for her bombardment of Russian ports was scorned by the allies and war declarations threatened. Ypres and Argonne advanced, bombardment of Czernowitz and repulse of Russian attacks in Russian Poland, were claimed by Germany.
* The North Sea was mined and closed to commerce by the allies. Progress near Dixmude and a lessening of German attacks generally was France's report. Repulse of Germans beyond the Yistula with no German opposition and fierce fighting with Austrians on the San in Galicia were reported by Russia.

LIGHTS GO OUT

soon at the dream city in San Francisco, for the

Panama-Pacific Exposition

closes

December 4, 1915

You cannot afford to put off any longer your California trip. If you are interested in scientific farming, in mining, in horticulture, in art, the study of these things at this exposition will aid you in a financial way.

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